

The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odde time of his infirmities
Will shake this Island.

Mont. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his sleepe,
He'll watch the Horologe a double Ser,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.

Mont. It were well

The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appears in Cassio,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodrigo.

Iago. How now Rodrigo?

I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

Mon. And 'tis great pittie, that the Noble Moore
Should hazard such a Place, as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago. Not for this faire Island,
I do loue Cassio well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearken what noise?

Enter Cassio pursuing Rodrigo.

Cas. You Rogue: you Rascall.

Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cas. A Knaue teach me my dutie? He beate the
Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle.

Rod. Beat me?

Cas. Dost thou prate, Rogue?

Mon. Nay, good Lieutenant:

I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go (Sir)

Or He knocke you o're the Mazard.

Mon. Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio. Drunke?

Iago. Away I say: go out and cry a Mutinie.

Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:

Helpe ho. Lieutenant. Sir Montano:

Helpe Masters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.

Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo, ho:

The Towne will rise. Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You'll be asham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter heere?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies.

Oth. Hold for your liues.

Iag. Hold ho: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:

Haue you forgot all place of sense and dutie?

Hold. The Generall speaks to you: hold for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho? From whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our selues do that

Which Heauen hath forbid the Ottomites.

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:

He that stirs next, to carue for his owne rage,

Holds his soule light: He dies vpon his Motion.

Silence that dreadfull Bell, it frights the isle,

From her propriety. What is the matter, Masters?

Honest Iago, that looks dead with greening,

Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?

Iago. I do not know: Friends all, but now, euen now.

In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome

Deuising them for Bed: and then, but now:

(As if some Planet had vnwitted men)

Swords out, and tilting one at others breaster,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speake
Any begining to this peeuissh oddes.

And would, in Action glorious, I had lost

Those legges, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How comes it (Michael) you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be ciuill:

The grauitie, and fillnesse of your youth

The world hath noted. And your name is great

In mouthes of wisest Censure. What's the matter

That you valace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? Giue me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger,

Your Officer Iago, can informe you,

While I spare speech which something now offends me.

Of all that I do know, nor know I ought

By me, that's said, or done amisse this night,

Vnlesse selfe-charitie be sometimes a vice,

And to defend our selues, it be a sinne

When violence assailes vs.

Oth. Now by Heauen,

My blood begins my safer Guides to rule,

And passion (hauing my best iudgement collied)

Assaies to leade the way. If I once stir,

Or do but lift this Arme, the best of you

Shall sinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know

How this foule Rout began: Who set it on,

And he that is approu'd in this offence,

Though he had twin'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall loose me. What in a Towne of warre,

Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,

To Manage priuate, and domesticke Quarrell?

In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?

'Tis monstrous: Iago, who began't?

Mon. If partially Affin'd, or league in office,

Thou dost deliuer more, or lesse then Truth,

Thou art no Souldier.

Iago. Touch me not so neere,

I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,

Then it should do offence to Michael Cassio.

Yet I perfwade my selfe, to speake the truth

Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:

Montano and my selfe being in speech,

There comes a Fellow, crying out for helpe,

And Cassio following him with determin'd Sword

To execute vpon him. Sir, this Gentleman,

Steppes in to Cassio, and entreates his pause:

My selfe, the crying Fellow did pursue,

Least by his clamour (as it so fell out)

The Towne might fall in fright. He, (swift of foote)

Out-ran my purpose: and I return'd then rather

For that I heard the clinke, and fall of Swords,

And Cassio high in oath: Which till to night

I nere might say before. When I came backe

(For this was briefe) I found them close together

At blow, and thrust, euen as againe they were

When you your selfe did part them.

More of this matter cannot I report,

But Men are Men: The best sometimes forget,

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,

As men in rage strike those that with them best,

Yet surely Cassio I beleue receiu'd

From him that fled, some strange Indignitie,

Which patience could not passe.

Oth.

Oth. I know Iago

Thy honestie, and loue doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I loue thee,

But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Desdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:

He make thee an example.

Des. What is the matter (Dece?)

Oth. All's well, Sweeting:

Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,

My selfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:

Iago, looke with care about the Towne,

And silence those whom this wil'd brawle distracted.

Come Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,

To haue their Balmie slumbers wak'd with strife. Exit.

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cas. I, past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Cas. Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I haue

lost my Reputation. I haue lost the immortall part of

my selfe, and what remains is bestiall. My Reputation,

Iago, my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man I had thought you had

receiued some bodily wound; there is more sence in that

then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false

imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-

seruing. You haue lost no Reputation at all, vnlesse you

repute your selfe such a loofer. What man, there are

more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are

but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in poli-

cie, then in malice) euen so as one would beate his of-

fencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to

him againe, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceiue

so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so

indiscreet an Officer. Drunke? And speake Parrat? And

squabble? Swagger? Swear? And discourse Fustian

with ones owne shadow? Oh thou invisible spirit of

Wine, if thou hast no name to be knowne by, let vs call

thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your

Sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a masse of things, but nothing di-

stinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that

men should put an Enemie in their mouthes, to steale a-

way their Braines? that we should with ioy, pleasure,

reuell and applause, transforme our selues into Beasts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how

came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenesse, to giue

place to the diuell wrath, one vnperfectnesse, shewes me

another to make me frankly despise my selfe.

Iago. Come, you are too seuer a Moraller. As the

Time, the Place, & the Condition of this Country stands

I could hartily wish this had not befallne: but since it is, as

it is, mend it for your owne good.

Cas. I will aske him for my Place againe, he shall tell

me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as Hydra,

such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sen-

sible man, by and by a Foole, and presently a Beast. Oh

strange! Euery inordinate cup is vnles'd, and the Ingre-

dient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good familiar
Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue
you.

Cassio. I haue well approou'd it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You, or any man liuing, may be drunke at a

time man. I tell you what you shall do: Our Generall's

Wife, is now the Generall. I may say so, in this respect,

for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himselfe to the

Contemplation; marke: and deuotement of her parts

and Graces. Confesse your selfe freely to her: Impor-

tune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is

of to free, to kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition,

she holds it a vice in her goodnessse, not to do more

then she is requested. This broken ioynt betweene

you, and her husband, entreat her to splinter. And my

Fortunes against any lay worth naming, this cracke of

your Loue, shall grow stronger, then it was before.

Cassio. You aduise me well.

Iago. I protest in the sinceritie of Loue, and honest

kindnesse.

Cassio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the mor-

ning, I will beseech the vertuous Desdemona to vndertake

for me: I am desperat of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I

must to the Watch.

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago.

Exit Cassio.

Iago. And what's he then,

That saies I play the Villaine?

When this aduise is free I giue, and honest,

Proball to thinking, and indeed the course

To win the Moore againe.

For 'tis most easie

Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue

In any honest Suite. She's fram'd as fruitfull

As the free Elements. And then for her

To win the Moore, were to renounce his Baptisme,

All Scales, and Simbols of redeemed sin:

His Soule is so enfetted to her Love,

That she may make, vnmake, do what she list,

Euen as her Appetite shall play the God,

With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,

To Counsell Cassio to this paralell course,

Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,

When diuels will the blackest finnes put on,

They do suggest at first with heavenly shewes,

As I do now. For whiles this honest Foole

Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune,

And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,

He powre this pestilence into his eare:

That she repeales him, for her bodie Lust

And by how much she striues to do him good,

She shall vndo her Credite with the Moore.

So will I turne her vertue into pitch,

And out of her owne goodnessse make the Net,

That shall en-mash them all.

How now Rodrigo?

Enter Rodrigo.

Rodrigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not

like a Hound that hunts, but one that files vp the

Crie. My Money is almost spent; I haue bin to night

exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue

will